

CHERRY'S HAIR VILLA

Venetian blinds impose
a cool shade upon the shop.
Ammonia from perms tightens
the air. Worn issues of People
and Good Housekeeping wait as handily
as those 5 sit-down Realistic
hair dryers. By the sinks, Cherry smiles
and applies neutralizer to a curled
head while that client thumbs through
The National Enquirer. A wide, chest high
mirror runs in front of the finishing chairs.
On the counter below it are: brushes,
Cinderella Hairspray, scissors, clippers,
a framed license, Vaseline and Quantum
Shampoo. Boston ferns, a Wandering Jew
and other greenery grow in given spaces.
KNXM is faintly heard. Tacked to the
wall by the door is this poem.

THERE

Johnson yells "You KNOW it's open."
Inside, I see him chasing Nacho,
his Nicaraguan son, to Lord knows where.
Otis Rush is groanin' the stereo'd blues
and the Chicken Cacciatore smells erotic.
Mai exclaims something in Yiddish
as she takes the Chardonnay I've brought.
Some Gauguin horses drink on the wall.
From the kitchen, Ronda blows me a kiss
and poses in that God awful muu muu.
Prometheus nudges my leg, hinting for
a pet and Johnson comes puffing back
to ask "When did you get rid of the Camaro?"
It feels just like home.

— Robert Underwood

Redlands CA